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# DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME

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You call me sweet and tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses,  
And all the while my happy heart  
Beats time to your caresses;  
You love me in your tender way,  
I answer as you let me;  
But, ah! there comes another day,  
The day when you'll forget me—  
The day when you'll forget me.

I know that every fleeting hour  
Is marked by thoughts I bring you,  
I know there dwells a subtle power  
In the sweet songs I sing you:  
I do not fear the darkest way,  
With those dear arms about me;  
Ah! no, I only dread the day  
When you can live without me—  
When you can live without me.

And still you call me tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses;  
And still my happy answering heart  
Beats time to your caresses—  
Hush! let me put that touch away,  
And clasp your hands above me;  
So while I ask to die that day,  
The day you will not love me—  
The day you will not love me.

You need not check the thoughts that rise  
With darkness wrapt about them:  
For, gazing in your earnest eyes,  
My heart can almost doubt them.  
Yet hush my whispers as you may,  
Such chidings do not fret me;  
Ah! no, I only fear that day,  
The day when you'll forget me—  
The day when you'll forget me.

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